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If Words Hold Still

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IF WORDS HOLD STILL

There are days I have to introduce myself on the phone. It's as if I had to utter some password to gain entry into a club that had no members. I'll first say, This is your son...

Yes, my son, she replies. I'm not stupid. You think I'm stupid. My son's not stupid. She works like the Devil, my son.

Yes, *he* works like the Devil.

She works like the Devil. You don't believe me.

Other days it's like falling asleep reading a mystery novel and dreaming a whole new set of clues...

She says, The man came and got the thing.

Know what I mean?

Other days she's hot it's so cold outside. The white's too deep, she says, I'd broil.

Am I wrong?